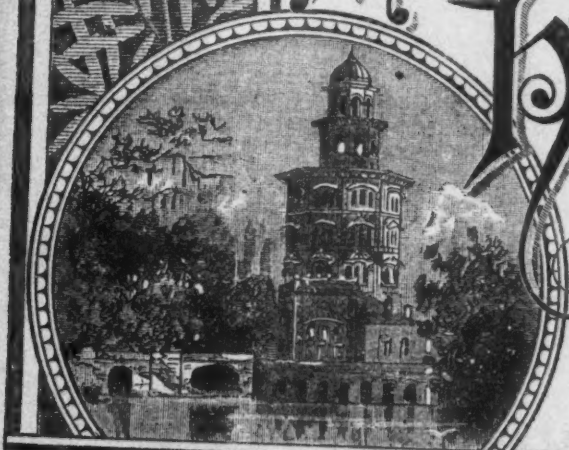


The  
**Missionary  
Helper**

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY  
BY THE



WRECC BAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY

FEBRUARY, 1887.  
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# The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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VOL. X.      FEBRUARY, 1887.      No. 2.

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WE spoke, in the last HELPER, of the importance of thorough organization. We wish to emphasize it. It is estimated that two-thirds of the eighty thousand Free Baptists are women. Over fifty thousand women! What a power, if banded together for a definite object! Their strength, as a factor in the great question of the world's evangelization, has never yet been tested. While their work can never, *must never*, be separated from that of their brothers, an energy will, of necessity, be infused into our whole work by bringing this army of workers to the front, to stand with, and beside their brothers, as soldiers of the Cross.

There needs to be infused into the women of our churches a greater sense of responsibility in missionary work. This can only come by taking part in a work that depends upon them for its accomplishment. The education of the centuries has taught women to lean and to follow. This is woman's century, in which, through God's providence, she is learning to stand alone. That lesson must be fully learned, before she will be ready to compete with her brothers in efficiency in carrying on the world's work. Every Woman's Missionary Society is an educator. It broadens the life and thought of each woman connected with it. It links her more intimately with her Saviour, in bringing about the salvation of the world. Her children will have more of the missionary spirit, because mother is interested. The pastors will feel the inspiration of live Woman's Missionary

Societies, and will be more earnest in their pleas. The brothers will be incited to activity, in order that their share of the work may not suffer. Then let us organize,—organize everywhere, until every woman is enlisted !

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#### AFTER ORGANIZATION, WHAT?

WHEN ladies come together for the first time after organizing, the predominant questions in the minds of all are, "What, and how ?" It is a time of very great importance in the history of the Society. For lack of good management then, more than one organization has started on a downward track.

Great responsibility rests at this time on the officers, and, in many cases, they are at as great a loss to know what to suggest as the other members. But they *must* propose something definite, and urge that, then and there, plans be laid with the expectation that the Society is to have permanent life. You may almost as well prepare at once for the funeral of an auxiliary, that starts out with the idea of living, if life prove to be agreeable and easy. Life is what it is made to be, in missionary auxiliaries, as well as elsewhere.

The underlying thought should be : This auxiliary is born to do its part of life's work, and because it *ought* to live, it *must* and *shall* live. When one woman takes hold of the work with that spirit, permanence is assured. Others will catch the inspiration from her earnestness.

The plans should include provision for regular meetings, under comfortable circumstances, and such exercises as will lead those who attend to expect to hear something interesting. We have a distinct remembrance of attending a Woman's Missionary Meeting in our youth, held in a cold, cheerless antevestry room. The hard benches, the hard work which the presiding officer had in getting help in filling the time, were enough reason for small attendance and waning interest.

If there is a pleasant church parlor, that furnishes a good place for meeting ; but there are few things more forlorn than a gathering of half a dozen women in the corner of a large vestry or audience-room, having just enough fire to make them in a hurry to get home, where it is warm. In a majority of cases, the interests of the Society will be best subserved by meeting in the different homes. The element of variety is thus introduced, and, with home-staying women, there is help derived from new associations.

Then there should be a programme for each meeting. In order to help those who find it difficult to provide this, the HELPER will furnish in each issue, if possible, something under the head, " Helps for Monthly Meetings." In using these, each lady must be provided with a copy of the magazine, and take part as indicated. We hope that every auxiliary will at once see that the members subscribe, or are, in some way, provided with sufficient numbers for this purpose. The exercise can be followed by discussion, and readings from other sources. Subjects can be given to the members a month or more ahead, which can be presented to the meeting orally, or in written essays. Another excellent educator for our societies will be to take *Missionary Reminiscences*, as a book to be read in course, a certain amount to be read at each meeting. We suppose that our readers all understand that the purpose of the " Bureau of Intelligence " is to furnish helps for monthly meetings, as well as for concerts. As the addresses of those having this in charge are in each HELPER, we need only refer to it.

The more determined the members of a Society are to have the meetings interesting, and to have its life vigorous, the better will be the results attained.

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" Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day."

## ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

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[We purpose, under this heading, to give our readers, in each issue, some facts relating to the progress of missionary work in different parts of the world.]

**THE INDIAN PROBLEM.**—Fifty years ago, the Sioux, now gathered at Santee and Sissiton, in Christian communities and homes and schools, with churches enrolled on the same records as those of New York and Philadelphia, were savage hordes, roaming through the Northwest, as wild as the wildest. These savages have been changed. The facts are before our eyes. How was the transformation wrought? The answer is clear. No one can, no one does, mistake it. The United States Senate Report, from which I have quoted, acknowledges these to be the results of Christian missions. Where the government has totally failed, the voluntary efforts of the churches have been crowned with this success.—*Pres. J. H. Seelye, D. D.*

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THE spread of Christianity in Japan is thus reported by Dr. Davis, of the American Board, after a missionary tour through that country:—

“What impressed me on this trip was the fact that already in many a village and town GOD has *one* Christian. No missionary planned it thus; none of these growing churches so arranged it. It looks to me as though you might as well give up trying to make maps of Japan, with great dots to mark the places where the Gospel is being preached. A new period has taken place in our work. Hereafter, villages and towns will form a large part in the story of the victory of the ‘JESUS way.’ Eight places have recently been opened to hear the Gospel right around Osaka.”

---

BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR has begun two chains of missions across the Dark Continent, and projects two more. He makes a compact with the chiefs and people, agreeing on his part to furnish good teachers and preachers, without expense to the tribes, and to buy tools and machinery for industrial schools. He asks, in return, a thousand acres for each school farm, a few acres cleared and planted to provide food for teachers and preachers; houses built for workers, and a small monthly fee for tuition of day scholars. Boys and girls may work for their tuition, and those who wish a

full course must remain five years. By these equitable mutual agreements, the natives are made to feel that they are partners in the work, and a permanent and self-supporting basis for the missions is secured.—*Missionary Record*.

NEARLY one-third of the human race is in China. Some one says if these millions would clasp hands they would circle ten times around our globe; or if marching as an army, at the rate of thirty miles a day, it would require twenty-three years for them to pass any given point. Estimated by carefully gathered statistics, there stands to-day one ordained missionary to each 1,600,000 inhabitants of China. What is being done by the United States for this vast multitude? There are between forty and fifty strong home organizations to evangelize our 55,000,000 of people, and less than twenty foreign missionary boards to operate among the hundreds of millions of heathen. Only two per cent. of all that is raised for religious purposes by all denominations of America goes to foreign missions, and six-tenths of a cent per year is contributed by all Protestant countries.—*Woman's Missionary Record*.

#### TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still;  
What God hath ordered must be right,  
Then find it in thine own delight,  
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?  
One watches all with care most true;  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest!  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all His creatures, so for thee,  
The best.

*Paul Flemming, 1609—1640.*

## THE TORN BIBLE.

MRS. L. B. WOLF, IN THE "LUTHERAN OBSERVER."

(Concluded.)

"OH, how beautiful!" he cried. "This must be a part of the Englishman's sacred book. This must be a leaf from the Christian's Bible." And, although fascinated, he almost trembled with fear lest some of his bigoted heathen relatives should see him so eagerly perusing this bit of God's Word. Hastily thrusting it between the leaves of his book, he went on to school, for he was studying Sanscrit, with the hope of becoming a priest. Try as he might to stifle them, all through the day those beautiful words kept ringing in his ears. Day after day he read the words of the whole chapter, but none so impressed him as these two verses. One evening, as he was about to take his meal, his young wife, coming into the room bearing two platters with his rice and curry, was about to withdraw that her lord might partake of the food which she had placed before him, when she heard him softly repeating these words. She looked up, startled, for they were familiar to her, having often heard them from the missionary lady, when she was a little girl and attended the mission school; and quickly there flashed through her mind another verse which had always been a favorite one of hers. And in a clear, brave voice she repeated, "We love Him because he first loved us."

It was now the husband's turn to be startled. "Where did you learn that?" he asked.

"I learned what you repeated, what I have just said, and many others, at the mission-school," replied she, timidly.

"They seem very good," he added; "and some day you may tell me more."

After this he often had her repeat verses to him that she had learned several years ago in the school, and which she always had loved to remember, but feared to repeat, lest some of the family should overhear her. Now she felt glad that her young husband had learned and loved some of the sweet verses; but,



although she repeated many, none ever seemed quite so beautiful to him as those he had first learned from his treasured leaf.

Soon after this, he told his wife that he meant to serve the Christian's God—a God who loved those who served him, instead of hating and visiting with all manner of pestilence and disease those who bowed down to him, as the gods he had been taught to serve were said to do ; and requiring all manner of horrid rites and ceremonies to allay their wrath, and stay the hand of destruction—those hideous objects having four hands and one eye, and features and forms writhed and tortured into all sorts of disgusting shapes and expressions, so well described by the Psalmist. He would no longer be a slave to those practices and superstitions, but was now one who was free indeed, having been made free through the truth. It was not until he had seen and talked with the good missionary, that his old mother, who was the only other member of his direct household, was told of his determination to become a Christian, and of his wife's hope and desire to be baptized with him. Her grief, rage, and terror knew no bounds. She covered her head with dust, tore her hair, and fairly gnashed her teeth in her wrath. Changing her tactics, she fell at his feet, clasping his knees with her withered arms, and besought him not to forsake her in her old age.

“Oh, my son, my son ! the hope of my life, the stay of my old age, why will you leave me destitute and a beggar, dependent upon strangers, and despised by friends and relatives, as one whom the gods have chosen to afflict ? ”

“But, mother, I shall not forsake you ; I shall be very glad to give you a home with me always.”

“Think you that I, at my age, will break my caste by living in an outcast's home ? If you become a Christian, you are no better than a pariah ! No, you are no longer my son ! I have no child. In my last days I am left desolate.”

But, failing to change Veriah's purpose of becoming a Christian, alike by her threats of the vengeance of the gods, or her own suicide, she left his home and became a street mendicant ;

while he, after receiving Christian instruction, became a mission worker ; and, in his zeal to carry to his own benighted and enslaved people the glorious Gospel of peace and good-will, of love and forgiveness, in whose possession he found so much happiness, and lost that terrible fear of death which oppressed him like a horrible nightmare whenever India's dread evil, cholera, stalked abroad, and which showed him the first possibility of a happy home and loving family here upon earth, and a mansion prepared for him and his beyond the grave, within the hallowed presence of an ever-loving Father, Veriah became a wonderful aid to the missionaries. Through his earnest efforts, and the more retiring but devoted love and fellowship of his gentle wife, so many souls became "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," that it seemed as if, for every word of prayer offered by the penitent mother, and every tear shed over her harshness to the little Nita, and her own impatience, a new soul was gathered into the kingdom of God.

But death had spread his dark wings over the home of Rev. E——, and little Nita had found a home among the angels. The sorrowful mother still keeps her torn Bible, and in place of the lost leaf there now lies a soft, bright curl ; and often, as the mother looks upon this tress that once adorned the head of her darling child, the tears start afresh, and a prayer falls from her lips that the missing leaf may have been a message of life to some benighted soul. Can any one measure the influence of that mother's tears and prayers? Does it not seem as though God heard and regarded her supplications? That influence is still going on. Even Veriah's bigoted old mother has come to claim the protection of his home and his willing support, although she will never break caste by eating with him or any of his family, and steadily refuses to use any of his water-jars or cooking utensils ; but she has ceased to annoy him with her foolish threats and fears, and there may come a time when the truths of the religion Veriah so loves shall find a lodgment in her hardened heart.

The circles are still widening from this small pebble, and will continue to widen until they strike the shores of eternity.



## MISSIONARY WORK IN WISCONSIN.

BY MRS. O. H. TRUE.

PREVIOUS to the year 1877, very few of the churches in Wisconsin had organizations for benevolent work ; yet the readers of the *Star* had long been interested in the benighted ones of India, and also in the education of the freedmen, who had recently emerged from bondage into liberty.

The visit of Rev. and Mrs. Phillips to the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting, and the subsequent home coming of Rev. and Mrs. Cooley, infused new zeal and activity in regard to both interests. In process of time, Mr. Cooley became pastor of the Johnstown church, where a Foreign Missionary Society was soon organized.

By their love for and devotion to the work they had left, Mr. and Mrs. Cooley were able to exert an influence which was soon felt throughout the Rock and Dane Quarterly Meeting. Wherever they were located, the good seed was sown, and the societies then organized yet remain. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

In the year 1877, the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting convened at New Berlin. In God's good providence, Mrs. O. D. Augir, Mrs. Ada Kennan, Mrs. F. Pouley, Mrs. G. H. Hubbard, and others, came to the feast. Mrs. Augir had become much interested in the opening of the zenanas in India, and had privately collected funds to aid in sending teachers to their unfortunate inmates. Her earnest words thrilled our hearts, and we immediately began to plan how this work could be successfully carried forward. Before we separated, the Woman's Missionary Society of the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting had been organized, a constitution adopted, and a treasurer appointed in each Quarterly Meeting, who was instructed to appoint a collector in each church.

Mrs. Augir was elected president, Mrs. Kennan and Mrs. Hubbard vice-presidents, and Mrs. O. H. True, secretary. Mrs. Kennan soon removed to Minnesota, and dear Mrs. Augir went to her heavenly home. Mrs. D. Powell was her successor. The secretary has been retained until the present time. Mrs. Hubbard still remains a faithful member.

The work of the society included Foreign Missions, Home Missions, and the education of young men for the ministry. A clause of the constitution asserted that the society be auxiliary to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

It has continued to hold its annual meeting in connection with the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting. Saturday evening has usually been devoted to a public service, which has never failed to be held at the time appointed. The interest has become wide-spread, and the work has seemed to shape itself. Consequently it has outgrown the constitution, which is now in the hands of a committee for revision. The work of educating young men for the ministry has not received a fair share of attention.

In 1884, one or more Quarterly Meeting Societies were organized. In 1881, if we mistake not, Mrs. F. M. Washburn became a member of the Society. Her coming occasioned much rejoicing to the faithful few who went up to the annual convocation. The following year, the annual meeting was held at Honey Creek. At this time, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, whose health God had wondrously restored, gave herself to mission work. She returned to her home near Racine, and soon removed to Champlin, Minnesota.

Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Marshall soon came to cheer and gladden our hearts. Of their earnest work in Evansville and the seminary at Rochester, we need not write. May they long be spared to labor for the Master.

There are, at the present time, four Quarterly Meeting Societies. Sauk County has none yet. Mrs. M. N. Stillwell and a few dear helpers have performed faithful service. Whenever possible, they have met and held a public meeting in connection with the quarterly meeting. Mrs. Stillwell's reports give evidence of untiring labor and devotion to the cause she loves. In Lafayette, Mrs. J. R. Pope, although unable to organize in her district, has accomplished much, and met with good success. In spite of long drives and rough roads, she has held her public meetings even in churches without pastors.

We trust better days are coming to the Lafayette Quarterly Meetings. As we become more thoroughly organized, our plans are more practical, the work more concentrated.

We have united with our Yearly Meeting in paying the salary of Mr. and Mrs. Coldren, and support two schools and aid others in India. Our home work demands much attention. Much is done by the sisters, and we feel that there is mission work all around us. Our churches must be sustained, or there will be no one to labor for far-off India. We have a noble band of pastors. Amid many trials and discouragements, they are holding up the banner of Christ. Four men have recently entered the field. Some of the churches observed the week of prayer, and revivals are being reported. May the blessing of the Highest rest upon our loved Zion, and the Sun of Righteousness shine beyond the dark waters.

---

#### WORKS A NECESSITY OF SUCCESS.

"If little labor, little are our gains;  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

WHAT scholar arrives at the heights of intellectual attainments, without weary days and sleepless nights of close attention to study? What man or woman reaches an upper seat in the temple of fame without assiduous effort? How many years, to the artist, of plodding, taxing labor come and go, before his name is a synonym for excellence in art?

Even in the common trades, we find success to be only the fruit of close and earnest application. Would the shoemaker be more than the mere cobbler? Toil is the only coin with which his promotion can be purchased. Would the carpenter stand at the head of his calling? Industry alone will earn him the position. "No gain but by its price!" There is no royal road to success. But one path leads to it, and that winds over cliffs of effort and hills of endeavor.

As in the trades and professions, so is it in Christian and church life. All advance steps must be taken through labor, which is a law of our physical, mental, and spiritual being. No

gentle zephyr will ever waft us over the activities of life into heaven. Even if it should, our souls would so lack the molding, developing, and perfecting influence of earnest contact and victorious conflict with human experiences, that it would fail of all adaptation to the relations and companionships of the world of bliss, and heaven would be no heaven to us.

There seems to be an impression among men to-day that somehow the Christian who has faith in God will be gently borne on over the billows of life to the haven of rest, without making any use of the oars within his reach. But the Word joins all nature in teaching differently.

True it is, there is no discount upon the declaration that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;" and that "without faith it is impossible to please God;" and yet, unless it assumes activities, off against it is written, "faith without works is dead, being alone."

Now, while we may admire faith in its passive form, in its attitudes of waiting,—as to behold the salvation of the Lord, or as when it stands in the position of sacrificing, as with the father of the faithful,—yet there is an emphasis of faith when it rises to service, that challenges our approval and admiration, as when it is said, "through faith they subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness, waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The Syrian captain had a passive faith that led him to the waters of Jordan for healing, but the application of effort was needed to secure the cleansing. So with him who came to the Saviour to receive sight. He was sent away to *do* something. His faith must lead him to the pool and to the act of washing. So, if our souls are to be cleansed and made meet for the Master's service, we have more than the exercise of faith to attend to.

The husbandman has faith in nature, but he must die of hunger unless he rises to effort. So with us. The enemy ceases never to sow the tares; no more can we cease constant vigilance, if we expect the spiritual harvest.

The seaman and the capitalist have faith in the winds to propel a ship across the water ; but the ship must be first constructed and then manned, or she will never make a voyage, carry freight, or bring a return. So is it in our faith in the Word of God and all spiritual means to be emphasized. They reach not the end of their existence until we go forth into the fields to scatter the seed, even with weeping, to cultivate the soil and return bringing the sheaves.

How is it, my sisters, with our faith in the grand cause of missions?

Let us see to it that it is not *dead, being alone*.

---

#### NAMING JAPANESE BABIES.

THE ceremony of naming the child in Japan is quite peculiar. On the thirtieth day the child is brought to the temple where the parents usually worship, and after certain religious ceremonies, the father hands three names to the priest. The priest shakes them up in a sacred dish, repeating over them prayers and incantations, and then throws them into the air. The one which first falls to the floor is supposed to have the name which the gods would have bestowed upon the child. The name is then written upon a sheet of ornamented paper, and given to the father, who pays a liberal fee in return.

This part of the ceremony is followed by feasts, music, processions, and the giving of presents, according to the wealth and position of the family. Among the presents, two fans are always bestowed upon a boy, which are considered emblematical of swords ; and a pot of pomade upon a girl, as suggestive of the beauty which she is expected to develop. A ball of flax thread is always presented, which signifies a wish for a long life.

A boy receives a second name on becoming of age, a third when he is married, and a fourth if ever appointed to a government office.—*Little Helper*.

---

THE colored people of Pittsburg have dedicated a new church worth twenty thousand dollars.

## BLESSED TO GIVE.

BY F. E. WILSON.

THE kingly sun gives forth his rays,  
Asks no return, demands no praise;  
But wraps us in strong arms of life,  
And says distinct, through human strife,—  
“If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,  
Give,—ever give.”

The rustic flower, upspringing bright,  
And answering back that regal light,  
Fills a' the air with fragrant breath,  
And writes in myriad hues beneath,—  
“If thou wouldst gayly, gladly live,  
Give,—ever give.”

The merchant rain, which carries on  
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun,  
The autumn mist, the spring-tide shower,  
All whisper soft to seed and flower,  
“We know no other life to live  
But this,—We give.”

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;  
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,  
From creatures both of field and air,  
Who, whilst they take their rightful share,  
Still truly chant, “We chiefly live  
To give—to give.”

O man! the gem and crown of all,  
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call  
Of these less gifted creatures near,  
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear  
Once said, whilst here he deigned to live,  
“Blessed to give.”

---

THE Baptists have raised nearly nineteen thousand dollars for  
the building of a church in the City of Mexico.



## FROM THE FIELD.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MRS. J. P. BURKHOLDER.

IN a recent number of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, is one of the saddest pictures I have seen in a long time. It represents the return of a woman to her father's house, from which she had been enticed by a fiend in human form. With soft, honeyed words he led her to believe he *loved* her. He kept her until tired of her; then drove her out into the cold. She is now on her way home with a babe in her arms, protected from the wintry blasts by a threadbare shawl, while another little one, clinging to her skirts, toddles by her side. In her shame and disgrace even, she is thankful to find a refuge under the dear roof which gave her shelter from infancy to womanhood.

The counterpart of this picture I have before me in real life. Years ago, a young Santal girl came to us from her jungle home. We taught her to read. We told her of Christ. She, as we hoped, gave her heart to God. Her father, mother, and several brothers and sisters, joined-us. Years passed by. She was employed as one of our village teachers, and did good work.

A wretch waylaid her; told her he had loved her since she was a mere child; and have her he would. For a time she resisted him; but, little by little, he drew his coils tighter and tighter about her, when, blinded by his fair promises, she left all and went with him to his home, from which he had already driven his lawful wife. What followed was the old story acted and re-acted a thousand times in other and fairer lands than this. The Bible she had loved was given to a younger sister; "for," said she, "I have no need of this; I have become a heathen again." No more prayers were offered; for how could she bow before a Father whom she was daily offending?

When plead with to retrace her steps, she at times would

weep bitterly over her lost condition, and then again would burst into a fit of laughter. Her case seemed utterly hopeless.

Five years have passed. Two little ones have been placed in her arms. All that human nature could endure from ill treatment, I suppose she has passed through. The most of what she had saved of her earnings, the man took from her; and after beating her, drove her, with her little ones, from his door.

During these years, she has made fruitless efforts to break the fetters which bound her. Last week she came to me, with the younger child on her hip, and said, "Maim Shaheb, I have a word with you." I took her into my little room, and sat down by her side. The first words she uttered, as she turned to me with her large, half-wild eyes, were, "Maim Shaheb, was I, or was I not, a Christian?"

Her voice and manner startled me, and I replied, "*You* know, Mina." "But *tell* me," she urged; "I was with you. Was I, or wasn't I, a Christian?" "We supposed you were," I said. Her eyes fairly glared at me. "I have gone back," she continued, "and have become a heathen. You have cut my name off of the church book. Of course you have. I am neither a Christian nor a Hindu,—not one thing or the other. If I should die, what hope is there for me?" At this, the poor girl burst out crying, and her whole frame was convulsed with emotion. Poor child! how I longed to take her in my arms to the Fountain of Cleansing. When a little calmed, she began telling me her sad story. "It has been nothing but sorrow and trouble ever since I went away. I have suffered everything. When I look upward, it is all dark, and if I look downward, it is all hard. The Lord has sent me great trials, and I have had enough. I want to come back. I assure you I am sincere. Nothing will induce me to set foot in that village again. Of course he ought to give me something with which to support these little ones; but even if he gives nothing, I'll never go back. He drove me from the house with the children, and said he would take them from me after a time; but I'll not let them go. Can a mother give up her children? I'll find some way to support them. It



would be a help to me could I get back what was my own ; but rather than return to his house, I'll let it all go."

Thank God for the bitter bondage of Egypt, if it but makes the slave cry out for freedom. We are most devoutly grateful for the return of one long-lost sheep. Others are still wandering from the fold. Dear friends at home, will you join us in praying that they may hear the Good Shepherd's voice?

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EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS BUTTS, ON THE STEAM-SHIP "CITY OF LONDON."

*Nov. 22, 1886.*—To give you briefly an outline of our voyage thus far, I will go back to the last starting-point. From Liverpool out, past the English Channel, past the Bay of Biscay, we had fine weather and an unusually smooth sea, so the captain said. Sunday morning, we passed Cape Finisterre, and were in smooth Atlantic waters, free from channels and bays. It was a lovely day, as all our Sabbaths at sea have been thus far. Dr. Bacheler conducted the services in the morning. On Monday, we passed Cape St. Vincent, only a mile distant. There is an old convent, built right on the rocky cliff which rises precipitously from the water. A light-house towers above the convent. A little farther on is a signal station, between which and our ship signals were exchanged. After rounding this point, we scarcely saw land again until after passing the Straits. We hoped to pass Gibraltar by daylight, but it was about four o'clock Tuesday morning when we entered the Mediterranean. When we got up, the coasts of both continents were visible. The sunrise that morning was wonderfully beautiful. All day Tuesday we had distant views of the rocky shores of Spain and Africa, and toward evening descried some Spanish villages, with the aid of a glass. Just after a gorgeous sunset, we passed Cape de Gata, and entered the broad portion of the Mediterranean.

Just at dusk, Friday, we looked off on the famous island of Malta, which lay some miles to the south. From Malta to Port Said, the ship's course is direct. One day we passed an American man-of-war, so near that greetings were exchanged between the captains.

What a grand old historic sea is this ! I need not recall to you what ships have sailed its waters from almost the beginning of history.

*Tuesday evening, Nov. 23.*—Our steamer is safely tied up for the night, to posts on the right bank of the grand canal, about ten miles from Port Said.

*Wednesday, Nov. 24.*—When we went on deck this morning, at about 7.30, a line of buildings seemed to be rising from the water, a few miles distant. In an hour we were anchored near the wharf at Port Said, and a dozen small boats, with dark Arab oarsmen, were alongside, ready to take off the passengers. Mrs. Bacheler had told us of a Mr. Eoll, the only real Christian worker in the place. He was on the steamer from Port Said to Liverpool, when the Bachelers came home last. Mrs. B—— did not feel able to leave the ship, but wanted us to find this gentleman. . . .

There isn't much to tell about Port Said. It is just a dirty town built on the sand, most of which has been brought there just to build upon. There is one little park, the only place where any green thing grows, except where people have a few trees and shrubs in their yards. As soon as you land, you are besieged by a throng of natives, who want to show you about the town, black your boots, carry your umbrella, or relieve you of your pennies gratis. One young man, with yellow and white seersucker kilt, a navy blue long coat, and a red fez,—quite fine, you see,—at once appointed himself our guide, despite the remonstrances of Dr. Bacheler, and drove away the other less officially clad clamorers, and, pointing to the word "Dragoman" wrought in gilt letters on his coat sleeve, seemed to consider it a matter of course that his claims to be employed as our guide and protector were indisputable. In vain did Dr. Bacheler inform him that if he walked with us for the whole time, not a farthing should he receive. . . . Well, we found Mr. Eoll living in the third story of a somewhat German-looking house. The family were just at prayers when we arrived. We introduced ourselves, and were warmly welcomed. A young man has just come from England to do missionary work with Mr. Eoll.

Port Said is a very unchristian town. The population is wonderfully heterogeneous,—English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Syrian Arabs, Egyptian Arabs, etc.

One of little Otis Bachelier's first exclamations was, "Oh, mamma, see the dead pig on the donkey's back!" What he saw, you will understand, was one of the water-carriers with his donkey and skin water-bag,—bottle seems not quite the term to apply to a hog's or a donkey's skin filled with water. We saw many of them. All the water used comes from the Nile, being brought some forty-five miles in an aqueduct. Mr. Eoll said it had to be filtered and boiled before fit for use, though I understand that it is filtered before it is distributed about the town.

The shop-keepers must get most of their custom from travelers, and so use every means to induce one to make purchases. They harangue you as you pass along the street, and if you are unwise enough to enter, cheat you unmercifully, unless you understand how to deal with them. Mr. Eoll went with us, and did all the bargaining for the few articles we wanted. Almost everyone, even the vilest beggar, knows English enough to make you understand what he wants. It is impossible to pass along the streets unmolested. If you stop to look at anything, half a dozen surround you. At one time, three little boot-blacks were clamoring to "shine" Otis's boots. At another time, when Dr. B—— was standing still for a moment, a girl got hold of one foot, and persisted in clinging to it until sternly ordered off. Mr. Eoll went back to the ship with us, to see Mrs. Bachelier.

The captain had told the passengers to be back by noon, but it was 1.15 before the ship started again. You know they take on coal and water at Port Said. All sorts of traders came on board the steamer, and one really had a better opportunity to make purchases than in the town. It was amusing to hear their harangues about their wares. They often ask twice or three times as much as they will finally take for an article. Many of the traders are from Syria, and are very intelligent looking. I have seen young men in Boston, at the foreign exhibition, who

might have been their brothers. There were some who reminded me strongly of Mr. Acterian. Most of these traders wore the fez.

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EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM MISS L. C. COOMBS.

WE have cheering news from Balasore. They have had extra meetings, and had quite a revival in the church. Several have been baptized, and others are waiting. We are to begin extra meetings here next week, from which I hope much good may come to the church; and if the church is awake and alive, the outside ones will be attracted.

The second pundit in the Industrial School is a Hindu from Contai, and was an avowed seeker for truth, when he began his work here. I have anxiously watched him as he has gone on from month to month. There was a time when I feared he would join the Brahma Society, which is much like the Unitarians of our country. But he has evidently been honest in his search, and I do believe he is coming to a right decision; but I almost hold my breath, for I know Satan will not easily let him go, and there are hard times ahead for him if he goes as far as baptism.

I have talked with him often, and prayed for him continually, and lent him books (he knows English). The last I gave him was "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and that seems to have helped him a good deal. He says he wants one of his own, and whatever else there may be written by the same author. He says he does believe in Christ as God. He says, too, that he does not now cook his own food, but eats what is cooked for him by the Christian woman in whose house he lives. Yesterday, he stopped through communion, not partaking, but looking on, and putting in his pice with the others at contribution.

He is married, but his wife is at his father's, near Contai. She is very superstitious, and opposed to everything Christian. I do wish he could bring her here, where we could influence her and teach her.

*Midnapore, Dec. 6, 1886.*

## HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

[This may be conducted by the President of the Auxiliary, or by anyone whom she may appoint. Each lady should hold a copy of the MISSIONARY HELPER, and as many as possible take part in the exercise.]

*President.*—In this exercise, we desire to consider some of the difficulties that have attended missionary work in India. Will the secretary please state what relation the East India Company bore to Missionary work?

*Secretary.*—This Company was chartered by Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600. Its sole object was money-making. It sought, therefore, to pander to the religions of the country.

*Pres.*—Did this take the form, on the part of the English, who represented a Christian nation, of *real opposition* to the Christian work of the missionaries?

*Member.*—Dr. Pierson says, in his "Crisis of Missions:—" "The influence of this British power in India had been, on the whole, hostile to missions. One of the Company's directors said that he would rather see a band of devils than a band of missionaries in India. From 1792 to 1812, religious and educational labor was prohibited. William Wilberforce led the movement, which ended in a new charter for the Company, providing for the *tolerating* of missions; but the change was only in name. Evangelism was hindered and heathenism helped; and as late as 1852, \$3,750,000 were paid from public funds to repair temples, provide new idols and idol cars, and support a pagan priesthood.

*Pres.*—What a sad revelation is this! The first entrance of a Christian people into a country darkened by heathenism, made the opportunity to build a door to bar out Christianity!

*Member.*—Is it not generally true that Satan is on the alert and gets in ahead, when he sees that there is a chance of the entrance of Christianity? Is not a similar thing being done to-day, when Christian nations are sending to Africa, so recently

opened to missionary effort, three hundred barrels of rum to one missionary?

*Treasurer.*—It is a disgrace to our nation. I think there is a good point made in a recent poem in the *Union Signal*, that represents a missionary in Africa as finding his work so thwarted by the liquor sent from his own country, that he decides to return home and work for prohibition, believing that he can do more good thereby.

*Pres.*—Let us remember, amid all discouragements, that God reigns. Can you not think of some way in which God used even the worldly, money-getting East India Company to prepare the way for the incoming of Christ's kingdom?

*Member.*—Yes. It is easy to see that the introduction into the country of railroads, the telegraph and postal facilities, wonderfully prepared the way for the work of the missionaries, by bringing the different parts of the world nearer together, and providing avenues for the truth.

*Pres.*—Is there any other illustration of the truth that God causes the "wrath of man to praise him"?

*Member.*—When the Sepoy rebellion took place, it *seemed*, in threatening the missions with overthrow, to be a real disadvantage to the work; but it really proved an advantage. The government found that the native Christians stood by it, and defended its interests, while the native heathen were trying to defeat and drive the English from the country. This led to a change in the relation of affairs. I quote again from "Crisis of Missions": "From that day, the attitude of the English government underwent a change; hostility gave place to neutrality, and neutrality to commendation. In 1873, the Secretary of State for India put on record the following testimony:—

'The government can not but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions of those six hundred missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labor are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great population placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell.'



*Pres.*—Can you mention any other barrier that has stood in the way of the progress of Christianity in India?

*Member.*—It is impossible in this country to realize what a serious obstacle the system of caste has been. When a man has been educated all his life to believe that there is defilement and disgrace in eating with persons of an inferior caste, his whole nature rebels against accepting such a leveling religion as ours is. It must be very difficult, even after accepting Christ, for a person to forget those old teachings; and I imagine that many a man has had to ask Divine help to enable him to partake of the Lord's Supper with persons of inferior caste.

*Pres.*—This has often been referred to by our missionaries, but I doubt whether we half appreciate all that it means. We must remember, however, that Jesus did not say: Go, if the work is easy; nor Go, if there are no serious obstacles in the way; but simply, "Go." So we must obey the commands as effectively as possible, and he will take care of the obstacles.

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#### A PRAYER.

LET me not die before I've done for Thee  
 My earthly work, whatever it may be.  
 Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;  
 Let me not leave my space of ground untilled.  
 Impress this truth upon me, that no one  
 Can do my portion that I leave undone,  
 And each one in Thy vineyard hath a spot  
 To labor in for life, and weary not.—*Selected.*

---

"SHALL I GO? Thoughts for Girls, By One of Them," is the title of a pointed little pamphlet, beautifully gotten up and issued from a Princeton press. We recommend the circulation of it, for the purpose of increasing a missionary spirit in young ladies' societies and schools of high grade. Statistics of thirty-five Woman's Boards, given on pages eight and nine, will surprise many and be useful for reference to all.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

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“**D**O thy duty nearest,  
Cling to truth, the clearest,  
Face the ill thou fearest,  
Hold thine honor dearest,  
Knowing God is good.”

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## HOME TALKS.

BY AUNT STANLEY.

**A** LITTLE stranger comes into the home. If it is a true home, the advent is attended with very great interest. Father and mother begin to lay plans for its future. It is taken for granted that, if it is a boy, he is to be like his father in general physical tendencies, tastes, and powers of endurance; or, if a girl, that she is to follow similarly in her mother's footsteps. Here is the first great mistake, made by so many parents. They fail to recognize the fact that the little immortal who has come into their home, is a being wholly original in physical and spiritual organization, not the counterpart of anyone who ever lived,—a child with a physical system in which mingle tendencies inherited not only from parents, but from other ancestors, and with moral and intellectual traits similarly inherited, and so mingled as to make an entirely new combination.

The child can only be understood by the most careful study. Its weaknesses and physical tendencies to disease need to be considered, with a view to providing such exercise for the growing body, as will aid in its best development. The intellectual and moral traits need the most careful attention, in order that such guidance may be given to the growing child as will develop the best-balanced man or woman.

Truly any thoughtful parent may well stand in awe before that wonderful creation, a little child. As we realize the possibilities for good or evil there embodied, the chances for suffering or enjoyment which we may help or hinder, how can we help bowing before God with the heartfelt cry, “Help, Lord!”

## "THE MYSTERY OF PAIN."

"THE Mystery of Pain" is the name of a little book written by James Hinton, M. D., and published in England twenty years ago. It has recently been reprinted in America, with an introduction by Dr. James R. Nichols, author of "Whence, What, Where?"

It is a book that will be read with interest by many thoughtful men and women. Few will assent to all of his ideas, but all, possibly, will agree with him, that sacrifice is a necessity of our being. "Our highest happiness consists in the feeling that another's good is purchased by us, that we—our labor or our loss—are the instruments through which it is conferred," and when sacrifice produces pain, "there is a want in man by which that becomes painful which should be joy," as all true sacrifice should be made joyfully and gladly. He compares the difference between painful and joyful sacrifice to the difference between the exertions of a well and a sick man. "A strong and healthy person can absorb into his pleasure a really large amount of what would otherwise be pain; a weak person can enjoy much less,—fatigue and discomfort soon spoil his pleasure." As there is something wanting in the life of the sick man, so there is in the life of the one to whom sacrifice is painful. The one lacks physical life; the other, *love*.

Viewed from this stand-point, a large amount, at least, of the pain in the world, means that "there is a want in man;" and, as Dr. Hinton asks, "Does it not mean that a world in which so much of pain is present, is adapted—was altogether made—to be the scene of an overpowering and absorbing love? One element of the best happiness is given, namely, sacrifice; what does it imply but that the other should be present, too?—the other, which is love." And so, as he says, "the evils of our pains should make us say, not how evil is this that we are called upon to bear, but how far short we fall—man falls—of the true human life, that this sacrifice is an evil to us. It should prompt us to seek deliverance, but deliverance by cure, the deliverance that is brought by a perfected life; the joy that is the joy of love, and finds its necessary food in sacrifice. Any other thought of happiness, any other anticipation or desire, any anticipation that puts aside the sacrifice, is as if a sick man should desire, not restoration, not the power of enjoying effort and absorbing endurance into pleasure, but only soft and easy couches, rest, and shaded light. This is to fall short in our desires, to make disease our measure, to demand a life that is not life, pleasures that are not

truly pleasures. Must we not aspire higher? Must we not seek, desire, anticipate, a happiness that is in giving?—a life that is so wide and high and full, that it can take up, nay, must take up, all that is utterest sacrifice to us, and make it the very condition of its rejoicing energy?—a life to which it would be as impossible to use our poor self-pleasures, except for sacrifice, as it would be to health to lead the life of sickness?"

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### THE NEED OF REST.

I HEAR it said of one, "She is all broken down;" of another, "She has gone to the — sanitarium all broken down;" and whispered in my ear of yet another, "Don't mention it, but her physician says there are symptoms of paralysis, and she *must* rest," which, however, she is not doing. Now let us seriously consider for a moment what all this means. Has God created the human machine so clumsily that it must break down so? Ought it not to last better? The obvious answer is, It ought, but it does not.

I am convinced that our wise and loving Heavenly Father never intended that his faithful, consecrated workers should fail thus in the prime of life, just when they are most useful to his work. He has fed and clothed you, O women, all these years. You have occupied space in his world, you have lived upon his bounty; he has disciplined, educated, prepared you for a great work. Have you any right to break down, after you have been given your task, and it is crving for accomplishment?

"Oh! but how can I help getting sick? I don't make myself sick; I work as hard as I can. If the Lord doesn't want me to be sick, why does he not keep me well?"

Do you ask these questions? Then let me answer them, and say in your honest hearts if I do not answer truly. You can help getting sick. There is God's command: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work."

To rest is to cease from work—to give the human machine rest. If the work is speaking, or talking, or presiding over meetings, or praying, or even *seeing people*, take one day in seven to rest from that work. With our active workers, it is generally all these together. If they would bring their splendid mental endowments to the consideration of this subject, they might perceive that they ought to rest in this manner. If they would bring a tithe of their splendid energy and resolution to bear, they would accomplish this duty as a solemn service rendered unto the Lord, to whom they must account for all the gifts which make them great among us; to whom they must render account for the proper use and care of the tools they have had furnished them to work with.—*Union Signal*.

## WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

WE ask our readers to carefully consider a few suggestions in regard to this department:—

1. We want to make the HELPER a help to every missionary society in the denomination. The important question for us all is How?

2. Does it help very much to give our readers details in regard to our meetings, such as are true of *all* meetings? For instance: "The morning light is breaking," and "Greenland's icy mountains," are full of inspiration when sung by a full volume of voices at a missionary meeting; but when reported for the HELPER, is it just the best way of using the space?

3. Can not we make the HELPER help more, by aiming to bring out as many as possible of the *unusual* things, and not aiming to give a detailed account of the presiding and singing, and reading of reports? Probably there is seldom a meeting held, but has *some features* that differ from the stereotyped method. It must be so, when all the bright women in our denomination are racking their brains to think of something original for the next missionary meeting.

We do not wish, dear workers, to dictate in this; but we do want to bring about just what will help you most. Now, if it helps you to read detailed accounts of auxiliary meetings, send such reports of yours. If you believe it would help you more to read the most interesting features introduced into other meetings, send such reports of your own. In that way, we shall get a variety, and all will be pleased. Now don't be afraid to send along your reports, lest they may not be "unusual." Changes must be made gradually. Let us hear from the workers.

## KANSAS.

From a letter from southern Kansas, we learn that our Western sisters have just the same experiences that Eastern women do, in finding that the work of a society rests upon a few persons. We hail, as an omen of what the future has to bring us, the fact that she reports two men as honorary members. We see how large-hearted work for missions causes people to be, when we read the request for

information as to what to put into a box for India. As we realize that there is not a church building in that whole Yearly Meeting, and think of what a struggle the churches are having for life, we feel just like saying: Dear women, build boxes, and fill them with pulpit and seats, etc., and use them to worship God in; but "there is that giveth and yet increaseth," so we will try to give in the next *HELPER*, the most approved method of filling a box for India, and let these generous hearts have the satisfaction of doing it.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

We are glad to announce that the women in the Massachusetts Association have organized a Y. M. Society. Their first public meeting was held in connection with the Q. Meeting of the Association at Lowell, in January, the afternoon of Wednesday being devoted to it. In the absence of the president, the meeting was presided over by Mrs. C. A. Swan. The main features of the meeting were the address by the editor of the *HELPER*, excellent singing by a number of girls, and short but inspiring addresses by a number of gentlemen present, in regard to securing the widest possible circulation for the *MISSIONARY HELPER*.

At the business meeting afterward held, the resignation of Mrs. Hatch was read, and Mrs. G. N. Howard was elected president, with Mrs. C. S. Frost as secretary. We give an extract from a letter that was read from the Somerville auxiliary:—

"We organized in 1880, with ten members. Since then, nine have removed, but we have, at the present time, fifteen. We have had much to discourage us, but we have always held regular meetings, and, during the last year, the interest has increased greatly. We were very glad to hear of the new organization, and, as a society, will cordially co-operate with you."

The whole spirit of the meeting was very encouraging, and gives promise of much future efficiency.

#### NEBRASKA.

Mrs. McKenney writes from Lincoln, to which place her husband has gone as pastor of our new church. The W. M. Society, organized by her there, last fall, now numbers twenty members. She writes:—

"To-morrow I am going to organize a mission band. . . . We feel the work to be great here, and a great responsibility resting upon us. God alone can give us the wisdom and strength to do it aright. We do need the prayers of God's children so much. Our Sunday-school numbers forty. Last Sunday I had twelve bright



young people in my class. We have our first church sociable next Tuesday, and a public mission meeting one week from to-morrow. There is considerable intelligence here in our congregation, but very little means to carry on the work. In regard to my work as Western Home Secretary, requests are coming in for Helps, Blanks, Constitutions, etc., which are encouraging.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In New Hampton there lives one of the Lord's children, who may well furnish inspiration to women throughout our whole denomination.

Sister Thompson is eighty years old, and is entirely blind. Ten years ago, she decided that as long as she lived, if able, she would give two dollars a year for missions, earning the money by knitting. This she has continued to do. Who doubts that when she opens her eyes in the other world, she will see treasure laid up for her there, that will rejoice her soul?

#### RHODE ISLAND.

The removal of Mrs. Brewster to Brooklyn has taken from the Rhode Island work one always ready to plan and labor for our cause.

Now the news comes that Mrs. L. Dexter, so long the efficient president of the Rhode Island district, is to leave us and go to the help of the sisters in Maine. We are sorry for Rhode Island, but glad for Brooklyn and Maine.

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#### DUTY.

**D**UTY comes to us as something hard, and we shrink from it. No one is a large man if he does not feel that his duty is larger than himself. Our ideas of duty are too petty and too low, if we are able of ourselves to change them into deeds. It never was meant that a man by himself should do his work. Only God is as great as a human life. A man is not large enough for that which God requires of him, since sin has shrunken him to small proportions. If you will let this spirit of God come into your heart and make your thoughts; if you will let him mark out your path, day by day, and then tread it; if you will listen to his suggestions and obey his word, to-day will be successful, to-morrow will be prosperous. Only as God breathes through our reason, and conscience breathes through these lips and out of this life of ours, only then shall we utter the melody which will enlarge the harmony of the world, and blend with the eternal minstrelsy of the supernal courts.—*Alexander MacKenzie.*



LITTLE hearts, O Lord, may love Thee,  
Little minds may learn Thy ways ;  
Little hands and feet may serve Thee,  
Little voices sing Thy praise.

—*Tidings.*

THE "BLESSED-TO-GIVE" SOCIETY.

BY COUSIN EMELINE.

"WHAT'S the reason we can't have anything?"

Mrs. Lees looked at her daughter with so much surprise, because of this impatient exclamation, that Lottie colored deeply, and hastened to say:—

"You know, mother, that most all the girls live in better furnished houses, and have nicer clothes than I do. I try to be patient, but sometimes it is real hard."

Mrs. Lees moved away from her sewing-machine, and began making button-holes. Her face grew a shade sadder as she said: "Yes, dear, I understand. But remember that your father's misfortunes are something that we can not help. We are very comfortable, even if we do have to practice some self-denial."

As Lottie listened to her mother's gentle tones, the dissatisfied look left her face, and she took up her crocheting.

"But, mother, anyone at my age can not help wanting to have beautiful things, and they do cost so much. I don't mean to be ungrateful. I know father does what he can for me; but it seems sometimes as though I must tell you, mother, how hard things seem."

"I am glad you did, Lottie. I always want to help you if I can. Suppose you should try for a time to find your happiness in another way? You know we are told that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Think less about what you do not receive, and more about giving to others."

"Why, Mother Lees! What can you mean? You know that we have very little to give away."



"It is not the large amount that we give that brings us the most happiness. It is the spirit and interest that attend the gift. How well I remember the first present I bought for my mother! When I was quite a little girl, I saw in a store a wooden box that cost ten cents. My mother's birthday was near, and I knew that box was just what she needed to hold her spools, wax, etc. So I began to plan how to earn pennies. An aunt, who was a dressmaker, used to pay me a penny for a certain number of pins, which I rescued from sweepings. I earned some pennies in this way, and the others by doing other kinds of work. I think I have never seen a happier moment than when I surprised mother with the gift, for which I had worked so hard. I have forgotten all about what presents I received at that age, but all the circumstances connected with that gift are vivid in my remembrance. Does not that show that it is 'more blessed to give?'"

"That is a new way of looking at it," Lottie replied; "but it does seem, after all, as though some people are a great deal more favored than others, in their opportunities in life. Just look at George Washington, whose birthday we are to celebrate by exercises in our school, to-morrow. What opportunities to secure fame and honor just came to him! As I have been learning my part to speak, I wondered why a few good chances couldn't come to me."

"Ah, my daughter, there you mistake again. It is not what Washington received that makes him honored as the Father of his Country, but what he *gave*. He gave his military skill, his persistent courage, himself. Love of ease, the comforts of home, these were sacrificed for duty. You, Lottie, can, on the same principle, give time, strength, and such ability as God has given you, to helping make our home happier and more comfortable, and all the time you can spare to doing something for others. In thus changing your motive in living, you will think less of what you receive; and in giving for the comfort of others, you will receive happiness at the same time."

"Well, what *can* I do?" Lottie was getting interested. "I think I understand what you mean about home. You mean that I shall think about washing dishes, and sweeping, and sewing, as what I can give toward our home comfort; that I must think less about what is given me, and believe that God will bless me in giving for others. But, mother, that isn't an easy lesson for a young girl like me. What can I do for others that will bring more variety into my life?"

"Well, suppose you talk with some of the girls, and see if you can not get them to join you in a 'Blessed-to-give' Society."

"What a queer name! But I like it. What should we do?"

"Work to send the best thing in the world, the news of Christ's salvation, to some who have never heard of it. Perhaps if you will get the girls to come here some day, I can talk with them and help you plan. I know you have little money, but I think that you can save one cent each week, and that will be enough to claim the benediction, 'Blessed to give.'"

"We could have some good times with the giving, couldn't we, mother?"

Mrs. Lees smiled as she replied, "Oh, yes, certainly." She remembered too well her own girlhood, not to sympathize with that longing for a good time that is in every girl's heart. "We will try to plan so that in the giving there shall be a great deal of receiving."

"I believe I'll go now, mother, and see if the girls are at home," said Lottie, as she put away her crocheting; and, quite oblivious of the fact that her house was plainly furnished and her clothes not so nice as some of the girls wore, she hurried away with a light step, and a face full of animation.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

*A Few Last Words.*—In all our work, let us always keep and show to others a hopeful spirit. Hope begets hope. As one of our women recently said, "let us always have an upward glance." We are to conquer. "More than conquerors." Victors are always rejoicing. The source of strength in the conflict is unfailing; "in him, a well of water springing up." Too many people who long for help from the grace of God, get into such a doubtful position that they have to pump and pump, in order to get the water of life into their souls; but if we just take the promised help as it is offered, we can save our strength in pumping. The well of water will keep springing right up within us. . . . We have a suggestion for the societies that are working for definite objects. We have urged you to attempt raising money for special objects. We still think it the right way. But it will be necessary to have frequent consultations with our treasurer, in order to keep things well balanced. For instance, at the beginning of the year, it was voted to appropriate a certain amount of money for the salaries of missionaries,

another amount for native teachers, a sum to be used in work in the West, and another for Harper's Ferry. The missionaries and other workers depend on that amount for the year, and plan the local work accordingly. Now, if a larger amount is sent our treasurer, for native teachers, than is necessary, according to the plan, the salaries of missionaries or our home work lack for funds. Last year, this occurred. We suggest, therefore, that new societies, taking up special work, confer with our treasurer before fully deciding the object for which they will request their funds to be appropriated. Also, that some of our auxiliaries send a part of the amount that last year they raised for zennana teachers and Bible women, for salaries of missionaries and work at Harper's Ferry and in the West. . . . During the first quarter of the year, money came in well, but recently it has come slowly. Unless there is more push immediately, the quarterly bills will not be promptly met. If possible, let all quarterly dues be sent in before February 28. . . . Among the valuable books now being contributed to missionary literature, "The Crisis of Missions," by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., of Philadelphia, published by Robert Carter & Bros., New York, occupies an important place. It is not statistical, nor exactly historical, but uses important facts and arguments to show the great duty of the hour. It is a trumpet call to the Christian Church of to-day. Price \$1.25. . . . The offer of \$1,000, by a brother and his wife, to the Woman's Missionary Society, for the carrying on of the orphanage in India and the establishment of it at Balasore, is so generous as to be well worth notice. This orphanage has been under the charge of our Foreign Missionary Board, and was located at Jellasure, until driven away by the prevalence of malarial fever. On removal to Balasore, it was without a home, and the purpose of the donors is to give it a home there. The matter is now in the hands of a committee of the Foreign Board, which will, without doubt, carefully consider the importance of new arrangements for the Orphanage, and report soon. . . . It is with deep gratitude that we note in our letters "From the Field," a report of the revival at Balasore. Let there be daily prayer throughout all our churches, that this may be but a beginning, and that God will abundantly bless the faithful labors of our missionaries in a general revival at all our missionary stations. Note, also, the request for prayer, by Mrs. Burkholder, for the dear penitent one returning to the fold. . . . Our readers will all enjoy taking a trip to In-

dia (or at least a part of it) with Miss Butts. Read her letter at your next missionary meeting, if all the women do not take the HELPER. . . . For help from the Bureau of Intelligence, write to Miss Kate J. Anthony, 40 Summer Street, Providence; or to Mrs. J. A. Hooper, 32 Coddling Street, Providence. . . . Articles must reach the editor by the 15th of the month, in order to insure their appearing in the next month's HELPER. . . . We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Brewster for a few moments recently. She is in excellent health, and is enjoying her missionary work in Brooklyn.

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## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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*Have you done it?* Have you secured a new subscriber for the MISSIONARY HELPER for 1887?

Comparatively few new names have reached us as yet. We are aware that on account of the delay in the issue of January number, the appeal for new subscribers made in that number did not reach you as early as was expected, when it was prepared, and have therefore decided to extend the time to April 1st.

Will not every present subscriber send us one new name by April 1st? We wish to double our subscription list at once.

The HELPER should be in every Free Baptist family. As the only denominational missionary periodical, it ought to have full and hearty support.

The pastors need it, the laymen and women need it, the children need it.

Now let us together set ourselves to this task of a doubled subscription list, and not give o'er until each has done her share by reporting one new name.

From now until April 1st let there be a vigorous canvass in all our churches. Let the agents work with fresh courage, and let every one consider herself a regularly appointed, fully equipped agent for securing at least one new subscriber. All these subscriptions should begin with the January number.

We propose to give in the May issue some report of this work, such as largest increase in any church, largest percentage of increase, and other items, as the facts warrant.

Work for it now, and look for the report later. Best of all, the result will be increased missionary intelligence, which means increased interest and contributions.

Our subscribers will notice the "mailer's tag" which appears for the first time with this issue. You will find, by consulting this tag, up to what date your subscription is paid. Subscribers will please accept this as a receipt for subscriptions forwarded.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for Dec., 1886.*

MAINE.	
Augusta, Auxiliary, for Emeline Bath, Mrs. Ida T. Remick, Christmas gift.....	\$6 00
Brownfield, Auxiliary, native teacher.....	2 00
Chesterville, Auxiliary.....	6 00
East Dixfield, Auxiliary, H. M., \$1.00; F. M., \$1.00.....	2 49
Farmington, Q. M. Auxiliary, Literary Fund, \$1.00; General Work, \$6.60.....	2 00
Harrison, Auxiliary, for Minnie's salary.....	7 60
Springvale, Auxiliary.....	6 25
Steep Falls, Auxiliary, \$1.50 for Mrs. Lightner's salary; \$1.50 for Miss Coombs' salary. ....	5 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Franklin Falls, Auxiliary.....	3 00
Gilford village, for Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	8 50
Lisbon, Q. M. Auxiliary.....	5 00
Northwood Ridge, Auxiliary, \$4.25; little Lillie M. Bisbee, 75 c.....	4 08
Rochester, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	5 00
Wolfboro, Mrs. P. H. Chesley, H. M., 50 c.; F. M., 50 c.....	5 00
VERMONT.	
South Strafford, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith's salary.....	1 00
Wheelock Hollow church, for Mrs. Smith's salary.....	3 00
RHODE ISLAND.	
Carolina, Y. P. Society, Miss H. Phillips, \$1.25; Miss Franklin, \$1.25; Gen. Fund, \$2.50..	5 50
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips, \$5.00; Miss Franklin, \$5.00; Gen. Fund, \$2.50..	
Pawtucket, Little Workers, Miss Franklin, \$1.25; Miss I. Phillips, \$1.25.....	\$12 50
Providence, Mrs. Mary A. Stone, on L. M. of Miss Mary Easton and for Mrs. H. Phillips' salary,	2 50
OHIO.	
Claridon church, for Lit. Fund,	5 00
MICHIGAN.	
Batavia, Auxiliary, for F. M.,	4 00
Grand Rapids Q. M., for F. M.,	10 00
Miscellaneous sources for F. M.,	5 00
WISCONSIN.	
Burnett, Miss. Band for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	5 00
Winnebago church, for Wau-pun Q. M., native teacher with Miss I. Phillips.....	5 25
MINNESOTA.	
Anoka, Mrs. P. R. Robbins for Zenana teacher with Miss Coombs.....	12 50
Brooklyne, Auxiliary, for home work.....	4 00
Brooklyne, Auxiliary, for F. M.,	4 00
Champlin, Auxiliary, for Literary Fund.....	63
Merriam Park, Mrs. H. J. G. Crosswell for Zenana teacher with Miss Coombs.....	12 50
Minneapolis, Auxiliary, First F. B. church, for Zenana teacher with Miss Coombs.....	13 00
Total.....	\$183 30
LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.	
Dover, N. H.	



## CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for Dec., 1886.*

A. Friend, B. B. F., for H. M., Mrs. A. M. Pendleton, Cox Mis- sion, H. M.....	\$5 00 10 00	W. Robinson, L. D. Hull, A. Norris, Polly Baritt, Nina Stoddard, B. B. F., H. M....	\$12 00
Chenango, Q. M., J. J. Weage, F. M., \$1.04; H. M., \$1.04; Ed. Soc., 52 c.....	2 60	Grace Stoddard, C. Prescott, A. D. Corse, Nettie Barnard, A. French, Eliza Sozey, and Olie Stoddard, B. B. F., H. M....	1 00
Attica church, Rev. A. P. Cook, Singing Fund, H. M.....	3 00	B. Burdick, B. B. F., H. M....	9 15
B. S. Bowen, B. B., F. M., 28 c.; H. M., 28 c.; Ed. Soc., 14 c..	70	Jackson church, col., B. B. F., H. M.....	3 17
Mrs. B. F. Bonn, B. B., F. M., 28 c.; H. M., 28 c.; Ed. Soc., 14 c.....	70	Miss A. Griswolds, B. B. F., H. M.....	25 00
Springville church, Rev. W. E. Dennett, Singing Fund, H. M., Interest Minnesota Loan, H. M., Rev. C. E. Brockway and wife, B. B. F., H. M.....	1 72 19 25 2 00	E. Randall and wife, B. B. F., H. M.....	15 00
Union Q. M., L. Warner, F. M., \$3.65; H. M., \$3.65; Ed. Soc., \$1.84.....	9 14	Byron church, Singing Fund, H. M.....	3 65
J. C. Carpenter Interest, H. M., Rev. C. E. Brockway, Parent Society, H. M.....	7 00 1 00	Byron church, Rev. E. Nesbit, F. M., \$1.34; H. M., \$1.34; Ed. Soc., 67 c.....	3 35
Mrs. W. Chadwick, Mrs. A. Cooper, F. M., \$1.00; H. M., \$1.00.....	2 00	Hastings church, Inez K. Byer, L. C. G., F. M.....	6 09
Mrs. W. Chadwick, Mrs. A. Cooper, H. Ferry, \$2.00; B. B. F., \$1.00.....	3 00	North Scriba, Inez K. Byer, L. C. G., F. M.....	1 11
Chemung Q. M., N. Vary, B. B. F., F. M., \$1.60; H. M., 1.60; Ed. Soc., 80 c.....	4 00	Susquehanna B. B., L. E. Dodge, H. M.....	8 30
Rev. G. P. Linderman, B. B. F., H. M.....	5 00	Susquehanna W. M. S., L. E. Dodge, B. O., F. M.....	18 40
Aline Barrett, B. B. F., H. M., W. Balch, \$2.00; D. Washburn, \$2.00; H. M., B. B. F.....	5 00 4 00	Rev. A. F. Bryant Int., H. M., Rev. A. G. Durny and wife, B. B., H. M.....	23 25 60
		Hopkinton church, J. H. Cox, F. M., \$2.00; H. M., \$2.00; Ed. Soc., \$1.00.....	5 00
		Total.....	\$220 30
		F. O. DICKEY, Treas.	
		Batavia, N. Y.	

## OHIO ASSOCIATION.—WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for Dec., 1886.*

OHIO.		\$1.94; H. M., \$1.94; Ed. Soc., 97 c.....	\$4 85
Cleveland, Auxiliary, F. M., \$1.54; H. M., \$1.53; Ed. Soc., 77 c.....	\$3 84	Marion W. M. S., F. M., 90 c.; H. M., 90 c.; Ed. Soc., 45 c..	2 25
Infant Class, Cleveland S. S., Christmas offering for Har- per's Ferry, H. M.....	2 10	Little Helpers' Mission Band, Marion, F. M.....	8 61
"Cheerful Givers," Cleveland, F. M.....	5	Society of Christian Endeavor, Marion, F. M.....	5 01
Grand Prairie Children's Band, F. M., \$6.00; H. M., \$6.00; Ed. Soc., \$3.00.....	15 00	Collection at meeting of L. H. and C. E. Societies, Marion, F. M.....	3 31
Grand Prairie, Auxiliary, F. M., 21 c.; H. M., 20 c.; Ed. Soc., 10 c.....	51	PENNSYLVANIA.	
Larue, Auxiliary, F. M., 60 c.; H. M., 60 c.; Ed. Soc., 30 c., Green Camp, Auxiliary, F. M., \$1.70; H. M., \$1.70; Ed. Soc., 85 c.....	1 50 4 25	Waterford Auxiliary, F. M....	4 00
Green Camp Q. M., coll., F. M.,		Salem, Auxiliary, F. M.....	5 00
		" " for Nellie Phil- lips' school work, F. M.....	9 66
		Total.....	\$69 94
		MRS. H. J. COE, Treas.	
		Cleveland, O., Jan. 26, 1887.	



